

Call back the "Sunbeam."

When sunshine on the hillside lay,
And warm the lingering south-winds blow,
And birds upon the elm-tree's bough
Sing prophecies, the whole day through—
Of happy days, that can't be won
To glad the heart, so cheerless now.

I see, as oft I've seen before,
That waves of sadness, o'er the now,
Ore whelming fast, no more
The "sunbeam" crowns thy brow,
With happy smiles,—no more
The light of love, thine eye bestows.

I know that far from kindred friends,
Thou art wandering in a stranger land,
Thy heart pours forth from out its depths,
A yearning for that kindly land,
Who blessed the in the parting hour,
And bade "God keep" their much loved flower.

I know those fingers or with thee,
The picture of thy cottage home,
That woody glen—the rippling stream,
Where laughing sunbeams love to roam,
Where bright congenial spirits meet,
All hearts with happiness replete,

Call back the "sunbeam" to thy heart,
Call back thy tone's deep wistfulness;
And from the treasures never part,
But learn of joy the mystery
And ne'er again let sorrow roll
In misty torrents o'er thy soul.

Ellsworth, Sept. 27, 1859.

The Old Chimney-place.

A star of stones, a dingy wall,
O'er which the brambles cling and creep,
A path on which no shadows fall,
A door-step where long docks-leaves sleep:
A broken rafter in the grass,
A sunken hearth-stone, stained and cold,
Naught left but these, fair home, alas!
And the dear memories of old.

Around this hearth, the sacred place,
All humble household duties grow—
The grandeur of the maiden's grace,
The matron's instincts, deep and true,
Here first sweet words were spoken, here broke
Life's morning dream and yet more dear,
That love that life's best impulse wears,
Grew warmer, gentler, year by year.

How cheerful, while the storm without
Muffled the earth and hid the night,
The ruddy glow gushed laughing out
On merry games and frolics bright,
How chimed the cracking, crackling flame
With rosy mirth or thoughtful ease,
Or, may be, the name
Of one rocked or the slumbering seas.

What fairy scenes, what golden lands
What pageants of romantic pride,
In the weird glow of glowing brands,
Saw the fair boy, the dreamy-eyed,
Till morning here, his spirit drew
Strong inspiration, and his years,
By beauty's subtle action, knew
The paths of Nature's inner spheres.

Here, as the swarming embers sent
A faint flash through the quiet gloom,
In the warm hush have lovers bent
The fragrance of their heart's fresh bloom;
And, veiling in soft-dropping eyes,
Her tremulous joy, here bled the bride;
Here o'er pale forms in funeral guise,
Farewell from broken hearts were sighed.

This spot, the pilgrim's "holy strange shrine,"
Saw in his wistful dream; here stood
Old friends with gladness in their eyes;
Here grew the beautiful and good,
Sweet friendships—faith serene and true—
Maidhood's strong purpose, warm and bold,
Courage to labor and endure,
And household feeling never cold.

Here, leaning in the twilight dim,
All round me seems a hazy air;
I hear the old familiar hymn,
My heart goes upward in the prayer
That made the night so full of peace;
Kind lips are on my "wee-wee" ear
Hums with sweet sounds—they faint—they cease—
And night's old broods calm and clear.

Miscellaneous.

The Good Bye.

"George—George!"
"Well, what's wanting now?"
The young husband turned back the
door knob and there was impatience in
his tone, and annoyance on his brow, as
he answered his wife's call.

"Nothing papa, only baby and I just
want to kiss you good-bye," she
came up towards him, the little, graceful,
sweet-voiced woman with her baby in
her arms, and held up the small soft face
to his cheeks, and the little one crowded
and thrust up its dimpled hands, and
clutched the short, thick locks triumphantly.

"Oh, baby, you rogue, you'd like to
pull out a handful of papa's hair, wouldn't
you now?" laughed the merchant, in a
tone so unlike his former one that you
would not have recognized it, and he
leaned down and kissed the small fragrant
lips over and over.

"Now it is my turn, papa," and Mrs.
Reynolds smoothed away the rumpled
hair, and kissed her husband's forehead;
and as he went out of the house that
morning, a new softness and peace had
erased the troubled look from the man's
face.

And that day was appointed to George
Reynolds to pass through a sharp and
fearful temptation.

He was in the midst of a commercial
crisis, and several of his heaviest debtors
had failed that week, and now a pay-
ment of ten thousand dollars was due,
and there was no way to raise this sum
unless

He held the pen irresolutely in his
shaking hand, the veins were swollen
into great blue cords on his forehead, and
the breath came thick and fast between
his hot lips, a few scrawls of that pen, a
solitary name at the bottom, and the
young merchant could secure the ten
thousand dollars, and his business credit
would be safe. There was no sort of
doubt, too, but he could raise the money
within a few days, and thus secure him-
self from all discovery, and the pressing
circumstances of the case certainly al-
lowed some limits in financing.

So whispered the tempter, as he wait-
ed up and down the soul of George Rey-
nolds, always softening down the word
forger to some false name, which
totally changed to his perceptions the
moral complexion of the deed he was
about to commit.

The young merchant's eyes glared all
around his office, but there was none to
see him then; he dipped his pen with a
kind of desperate eagerness, into the tall
porcelain inkstand, and he drew it along
the paper, when suddenly his hand paused
struck by a thought—the memory of his
wife's kiss that morning.

He saw her as he saw her last, standing
in the door, the baby in her arms, her
sweet face full of motherly tenderness

Ellsworth American.

"We Live in Deeds, not Years; in Thoughts, not Breaths."

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ELLSWORTH, ME., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1859.

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

and wife trust, as she lifted it to him
at parting; the voice of the tempter pas-
sed away before that rush of holier emo-
tion which blurred the man's eyes; he
dashed down the pen. "Mary! Mary!
you saved your husband! sink or swim
I will not do this deed. I should blush
for shame to meet your eyes and our
baby's to-night, if I carried the burning
consciousness in my soul, though no
other man's ever did or would. Mary,
my little wife, you won't know it, but
that good bye kiss of yours this morning
has been the salvation of my husband."

George Reynolds did not sink. It
was a hard struggle, but the storm passed
by without falling on him as it did on
many others; and Mary his wife, never
knew that she had saved her husband
from a sin which in her eyes would have
been worse than death.

The good which we have done, we
shall know, not here, but hereafter, and
the best and truest lives are those which
strew all the years with the sweet aromas
of loving and self-sacrificing deeds.

As the water-lilies take root, and
grow silently amid the slime and mud in
low waters, until in the mid-summer
they open their great creamy vases to the
soft persuasion of the sunshine, and
lie in snowy lotus on the bosoms of
streams, the glory and idealization of all
flowers, so amid the lowlands of life
among its shadows, and mists have we
also to sow day by day our small seeds
of all gentle and generous deeds, not
knowing when they take root, or expecting
to behold their unfolding into blossoms
on the river of time.

Oh, ye who sigh to set your lives with
the arabesques of great and noble deeds,
who paint for broader horizons and high-
er opportunities, God has appointed you
a work where you are.

Every day lifts up its white challenge
out of the night, and is held down to
you through all its solemn, silent-footed
hours, for these small labors of love
which truly significance and relations we
shall only understand in eternity.

And in this small daily labor lies much
of woman's work, and her sweet home
influences fall like the sunshine and the
evening dew upon the characters around
her.

She may little comprehend what a
silent force of healing, re-training strength-
giving influence she is exerting, and
periods of unrest and despondency may
fill many hours with shadows, which
would be illumined with joy and thank-
sgiving, if she could "know as she is
known."

But the pictures of all lives are looked
up in the eternal galleries, and the angels
hold the keys, and when God's voice
speaks the word the doors shall be open-
ed, and when we go in we shall all "be-
hold and understand."—*Arthur's Magazine*

The Victoria Bridge at Montreal.

Within the present week we have
visited the Victoria Bridge, in process
of construction at Montreal; and if the
imperfect description which we can give
of this great structure interests our read-
ers half as much as our visit to it did,
we, the space we can devote to it will be
profitably occupied. It is a tubular
structure of iron, laid upon twenty-four
piers and two abutments of stone, span-
ning the river St. Lawrence, directly
opposite the city of Montreal. Its
length is a thousand feet, less than two
miles.

The river at this point is very deep
and the current rapid, and as the ice
which forms in the lakes above the city
comes down in the spring sometimes
suddenly and with overwhelming force,
it has been supposed that the successful
bridging of the St. Lawrence here was
an impossibility.

But we believe the Victoria Bridge
will stand unharmed by the assaults of
the floods and tempests, and nothing else
can ever damage or destroy it, for there
is nothing combustible about it, and its
strength is more than sufficient to sus-
tain any pressure that can be brought to
bear upon it by any load placed thereon.

We have stated the length of the bridge.
The bridge itself is approached at each
end by embankments of masonry, on the
Montreal side 1200 feet in length, on
the southern side 800 feet, leaving the
iron or tubular part of the bridge 6000
feet in length. In the two embank-
ments, the two abutments at the extremi-
ties of the bridge, and the twenty-four
piers, there are three million cubic feet
of masonry. The stones used in them
would make a pyramid 215 feet in
height, with a base 215 feet square, or
if laid down in a straight line, the
blocks would reach 510 miles. The
abutments are each 242 feet in length,
the piers on each side of the centre span
are 242 feet apart, the central measuring
330 feet.

But the chief wonder of the work is
the iron superstructure, made of the
separate tubes that form the bridge,
through and upon which the trains will
pass. This tubular structure is all iron,
constructed by joining and riveting to-
gether iron plates, very much in the
same way in which a steamboat boiler
is made. The tubes resemble in shape
an ordinary railway car of the most re-
cent pattern, with the curved or sloping
roof. The dimensions are as follows:
22 feet in height 16 feet wide at the
center span, and 19 feet high and 16
feet wide at the ends of the bridge, and
each tube reaches across two spans, its
center resting on one pier and the ends
on the nearest piers each side; the
weight of iron in the tubes is 10,000
tons, and there are 2,000,000 rivets used
in fastening the plates together, each of
which is clinched by a peculiar process,
which we are not mechanician enough to
intelligibly describe. The tubular iron
portion is painted, both inside and out,

with five coats of oil and colors, making
160 acres of paint.

These iron tubes, thirteen in number,
are wholly disconnected from each other,
the ends of the tubes resting on the piers,
but not touching each other. This is
the most curious and important feature
of the bridge, and it is by this arrange-
ment that the damage to the tubes from
the contraction by cold and expansion
by heat is avoided. The tubes do not
rest directly on the piers nor on the first
superstructure of iron that covers them,
but upon immense iron rollers upon
which the tubes move backwards or for-
wards, as they may chance to be contract-
ed by cold or expanded by heat. Of
course, such a slow motion or so heavy
and bulky a mass of iron would never
be perceptible to the eye, but it can be
seen by observing the position of the
tubes in different states of temperature
that they do approach towards and
recede from each other; the space al-
lowed for this gradual movement of the
tubes is so accurately fixed by scientific
calculation that the degree of contracting
of these immense masses of iron is ex-
actly provided for, and all danger from
warping or cracking is securely guarded
against. Thus the Victoria Bridge
really consists of thirteen separate and
distinct bridges, yet all forming parts of
one great structure—an additional ad-
vantage from this mode of construction
is that if one section should be damaged
by any casualty, the others would not
be involved necessarily in the calamity.

Some additional idea of the vastness
of this enterprise may be gained from the
following facts: The cost of work will
be \$7,000,000, and the daily pay roll
of the contractors is \$5000. The con-
struction of the bridge was commenced
nearly six years ago, and is now expected
to be finished in October next.—
Atlas & Bee.

From the St. Paul Times.

Caught A Tatar.

After Hon. John P. Hale had concluded
his speech at the Fuller House, on
Tuesday evening last, where were con-
gregated at least 2,000 persons—part in-
Democrats, supposing Tim Marshall
would oppose Mr. Hale, and a blackguard
Republican party, forced him on to the
stand. As soon as he began to
speak, the fire of other days warned his
heart with a spirit of patriotism which
directed the actions of his old com-
panions. He asked whence this discord
that has arisen in the councils of the
nation, which has arrayed the sections
against each other. He said it all
originated from the repeal of the Mis-
souri Compromise. That compromise
was a Southern measure, and was passed
to head off all sectional strife, and it
had been successful; and if we had
lived in peace for more than thirty years.

He said that in ancient times the na-
tions of Greece had determined to erect
at Ephesus a temple to Diana, the god-
dess of chastity, that should be worthy
of their reverence for that goddess.—
Long years were required, and the
wealth of Greece was devoted to its erec-
tion; and it was completed. But one
man, who had taken no part in its con-
struction, wished to distinguish himself
in some manner, and so applied a torch
to that noble structure, and burned it
to the ground. So Adams, and Clay,
and Benton, and Webster, erected the
Missouri Compromise as a barrier to the
spread of Slavery, by their joint labor,
and everybody praised the work of their
hands; but Douglas, having taken no
part in this great work, like the incendiary
who fired the temple at Ephesus, destruc-
tively with ruthless hands the Missouri
Compromise, and thereby gained immor-
tal renown. He said the great giants
are dead, but the Little Giant lives to
destroy and destroy the peace of the
Union. He said the country ought to
be governed by statesmen of culture, in-
telligence, and good sense; but those
qualifications were not to be found in
the Democratic party.

He also said, that when little giants
take hold of great things, they are apt
to fall, bringing the great things upon
their heads.

One can easily imagine the chagrin of
those who had urged Mr. Marshall to
speak, expecting him to make an attack
upon Mr. Hale and the Republican party.
They became satisfied that they had
caught a Tatar, and began to dissuade
him from speaking; but he said he would
speak in spite of them, after they had
forced him on the stand. And he did
speak, and spoke the truth.

GEN. BUTLER DEFINED.—The Boston
Post says:

"Webster defines a demagogue as being
a man who has great influence with
the great body of people in a city or com-
munity. According to this definition,
Gen. Butler stands a good chance for an
election."

Our Webster's Unabridged is a little
fuller in its definition, thus: "Any
factious man who has great influence
with the great body of people in a city
or community." Turning to the defini-
tion of factious, we find: "Given to
faction; addicted to form parties and
raise dissensions, in opposition to govern-
ment; turbulent; prone to clamor
against public measures or men. No
State is free from factious citizens."

Quite a little biography of Gen. Butler,
with a consoling reflection at the end,
Boston Journal.

"Well Sally, David and you are about
to hitch horses, eh?" "Oh I don't know
exactly. I'm a little afraid that David
is after my money. Money! why Sally,
how much money have you got?" "I've
got sixty dollars, and a baby!"

What mechanic may be expected to
outlive all others? The boot and shoe
maker for he is ever—*lasting.*

Prize Babies.

At the recent U. S. Fair at Chicago, a
woman was present with three beautiful,
healthy boys, six months old, all of one
birth. The President of the National
Society, being a true gentleman, took
proper notice of her, and a prize of a
silver spoon each was awarded to the
youngsters.

President Tilden, after exhibiting
the youngsters to the crowd, held up their
silver spoons in his hand, and spoke
as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA, LADIES AND GENTLE-
MEN—MARRIED AND SINGLE.—
We appear before you on this occasion
to award a premium of a most interest-
ing character. No country can be great
without population; and how can any
country be so great as this, where we
improve upon the old-fashioned plan of
one at a time?—You speaker, after
having served his country by an addition
of eight in single numbers, concluded
his labor with two at a time. He is
proud to welcome all who have done
likewise. But although we have gener-
ally considered ourselves some pump-
kins, we are really small potatoes com-
pared with Mrs. Teresa Understock, the
mother of these triplets. If there has
been any doubt about this being the
greatest agricultural fair ever held in
the country, this settles the question.—
Never was there an occasion like this
before were presented to the audience by
a member of the official board. I might
descant for any length of time upon such
a prolific theme; but I will conclude by
awarding, on behalf of the United States
Agricultural Society, three spoons to
John, Joseph, and William Understock,
the infant brothers in the basket before
you. Go thou and do likewise.

The audience applauded, the band
played "Yankee Doodle" and the mother
of the babies, assisted by a couple of
her countrymen, carried the basket of
babies around in the crowd for inspec-
tion, and to receive pecuniary contribu-
tions. Several hundred dollars in mon-
ey were given. The children are said to
be natives of Illinois, born of German
parents, who are very poor. People in
easy circumstances are seldom endowed
with blessings of this kind in such abun-
dances. Upon arriving at the gates of
the fair ground, the mother had not
money enough to purchase a ticket of
admission; but a lady, conceiving the
happy idea of both assisting the mother
and affording a fund of entertainment
for the visitors, procured the admission
of the mother and her numerous off-
spring.

Woman must be valued according to
her many virtues—man the same, so
her many—and if she wishes to be loved,
admirer d, esteemed, she must be worthy
of it—and what woman is not full of ad-
miration? why it's second nature—and
they will go to any extent to win it.

Woman was the last, consequently the
best gift of God to man. She has a
finer organism, more tender feeling, more
finer sense; is loving, tender and gen-
tle in disposition, graceful, easy in man-
ner. What man of true feeling and
good sense will not value and esteem
such a creature?

I do not mean to call those persons
women who go round the country, engaged
in all manner of reforms, who in their
enthusiasm for the rights of woman,
would turn men out of the world, make
them mere noodies. Who likes a weak
feminine man? I'm sure I don't. Give
me one who is manly, noble and just,
one that can love and cherish, and pro-
tect a woman; buffer the storms, en-
dure the trials of life, at the same time shield
her from all. What man ever loved a
masculine woman? can you tell me?
They may admire them at a safe distance,
for really they are sometimes very bril-
liant; but beware how you approach, for
like the silly moth fluttering around the
lamp's blaze, you will surely get singed,
or perhaps worse. What man united to
such a woman does not lose his manhood,
and become a miserable heepled nothing?
What true man would take such a
woman into his bosom for a wife? not
me!

I do not mean to advocate that woman
should be submissive to man's control;
that because she is weaker in frame, she
is lower in the scale of intellect. There
should be no strife for the mastery, no
slavish obedience; but both should be
as they truly are, equal. The two com-
bined should make one whole, preserv-
ing at the same time their identity, "man
is wisdom; woman, love." And to God
who is both male and female, wisdom
and love in one, forever be praise.

E. A. K.

"IS THAT ALSO THINE?"—A beauti-
ful reply is recorded of a Dalecarlian
peasant, whose master was displaying to
him the grandeur of his estates. Farms,
houses and forests were pointed out in
succession on every hand, as the property
of the rich proprietor, who summed up
finally by saying:—"In short, all you
see in every direction, belongs to me."
The poor man looked thoughtfully for a
moment, then pointed up to Heaven,
solemnly replied,—"And is that also
thine?"

And is not this a question which may
well be addressed to every one who is
rejoicing in the multitude of his riches;
who, as he looks around him, sees the
merchies that have been poured in—
"Lap, may he not be asked—'Is Heaven
also thine?' And if such a question be
asked of the rich, may it not be asked of
all, whether rich or poor? And may we
be in all sincerity ask the reader to
weigh well the words—*is Heaven also
thine?*"

What mechanic may be expected to
outlive all others? The boot and shoe
maker for he is ever—*lasting.*

THE LAST TIME I saw him was two or three
days before the election. He was here and
made a speech. He was followed by Mr.
McKibbin. Mr. Broderick seemed much
fatigued and was somewhat hoarse. I in-
vited him to take a chair in a friend's office
where we could listen to the speaking. Af-
ter being seated I remarked, "I think you
must be tired, Mr. Broderick." He replied,
"I am somewhat. I talked last night till
near two o'clock, and with the first gen-
tleman I have met, which they have sent to op-
pose me, and riding across the mountains is
rather fatiguing."

When speaking of the probabilities of the election of Baker and
McKibbin, Mr. Broderick remarked, "If
they win let them enjoy it; it is all chance.
I came within three votes of being elected to
the U. S. Senate, but was afterwards elected.
For seven long years they vilified me and I
never said a word, and I thought this fall I
would come out and see the people, and I
now have made my last political speech."

I thought of it, and noticed it particu-
larly at the time and shortly afterwards re-
peated it to one of my friends who remarked,
"Joe told me (McKibbin) that he expected
the hounds would be after them and they
would have to fight three or four duels."

It is not now that there were several chal-
lenges in contemplation, and after the best
shot and most worthy man had tried him,
why then another was to try it, and so kill
him off. But it seems the first one succeed-
ed in being Broderick's murderer. While
Mr. Broderick's pistol went off prematurely,
striking the ground a few feet in advance
of his antagonist, he raised his pistol, taking
deliberate aim, fired, giving him a mortal
wound. But I must haste, for the "Over
Land Mail" closes this morning. I have
very hastily written thus much and do not
even have time to look over the mistakes if
there be any.

It is said that Terry has fled the country.
It may be so. How much better he can be
spared than Mr. Broderick. California has
lost her friend; the man she most needed,
and now she mourns. Even his political en-
emies most of them now admit that he was a
great man—and truly among the politicians
of California he was an anomaly. But he
was opposed to the extension of slavery and
a corrupt administration, and he has fallen a
martyr to the cause of liberty. His last
words were, "I die; protect my bones."—
How characteristic of the man; but I must
close; I hear the rattling of the stage-coach.

I bid you good-bye.
Very truly yours,
A. K. F.

THE GREAT EASTERN. The special cor-
respondent of the New York Times in Eng-
land, to look after the Great Eastern, says in his
letter of the 30th ult.:

"The Directors, at a meeting last evening,
succeeded in reconciling the widely diver-
gent opinions and actions which have so long
menaced the interests of the company, to
this extent—that they will keep faith with
the public, and send the ship to Portland, as
agreed. They will afterwards send her to
New York, without doubt, and show her as
long as it will pay."

The correspondent denies the truth of the
rumor about a suit being commenced be-
tween Mr. Scott Russell and the Company.
The trial trip will take the Great Eastern
about 800 miles to sea, and there will be
only a few engineering and other guests at
the directors and builders on board. Mr.
Scott Russell and his son will come over in
the vessel, and will spend some time in ex-
amining our ship yards and machine shops.

NEW SENATORS.—The following named
gentlemen will take their seats for the first
time in the United States Senate on the first
Monday in December next, on which day
the first session of the thirty-sixth Congress
will commence:

Hon. Willard Saulsbury of Delaware.
Hon. James W. Arnesen of Iowa.
Hon. Lazarus W. Powell of Kentucky.
Hon. Kingsley S. Bingham of Michigan.
Hon. John C. T. Egan of New Jersey.
Hon. Thomas Bragg of North Carolina.
Hon. Henry B. Anthony of Rhode Island.
Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson of Tennessee.
Hon. J. W. Humphill of Texas.

Rev. Theodore Parker, now in Montreal,
Switzerland, for his health has written to his
Society in Boston, that he is advised by com-
petent physicians that he will never be able
again to address large congregations, and he
therefore resigns his position of pastor.

BOXED UP.—Mr. Ward, the American
Minister to China, was packed up in a box
by the Chinese and conveyed from the Gulf
of Pecheli to the city of Peking. He should
be called Box Ward.

ST. PAUL.—How do you like the
character of St. Paul? asked a parson of
his landlady one day, during a conversa-
tion about the old saints and the apostles.
"Ah! he was a good clever old soul, I
know; for he once said, you know, that
we must eat what is set before us, and
ask no questions for conscience sake. I
always thought I should like him for a
boarder."

The Western elections (says the Boston
Atlas & Bee) will have a very
damaging effect upon the Presidential
aspirations of Judge Douglas. In every
Western State the Democrats fought
their party battle on the Douglas plat-
form, and everywhere they have lost
ground. The Judge himself knew how
important it was to carry some of the
Western States. They constituted his
political capital. He went out to Ohio
to help himself and friends. He doubt-
less believed that his friends would carry
that State. The Cincinnati *Enquirer*,
Columbus *Statesman* and other influen-
tial Democratic papers, claimed up to the
morning of the election, that the Demo-
cratic party would carry the State but
instead of carrying it, they have everywhere
lost; and instead of a Republican majori-
ty of 2500, as it was two years ago, the
Republicans have a majority of nearly
TWENTY THOUSAND. Senator Pugh
threw himself into the canvass with
great vigor. He had stood by Douglas
and squandered sovereignty in Congress,
and Douglas went to Ohio to aid him to
a re-election to the Senate. Pugh
spoke in nearly every county, and the
result is a total rout of his party, and a
reputation of himself. Squatter sov-
ereignty is now dead in Ohio as it is in
South Carolina, and for it there is no
resurrection.

Punch says that the inventor of the steam
engine was a man of great ingenuity.

The American Farmer.

Not all the men who cultivate the
earth are farmers; not all farmers are
American farmers. The American
farmer brings to that vocation the highest
advantages of science and skill, of vir-
tue and industry, owning the soil which
he cultivates, and honoring his labors by
the spirit of an American citizen. There
is a tendency to undervalue this sphere
of life. The pride which professional
and commercial prosperity generates,
hesitates to acknowledge the farmer as a
social equal; and even farmers' sons
have caught the infection, and joined in
the clamor of depreciation. Men are
ready enough to be lawyers or physi-
cians,—these are honorable professions;
—ready enough to sell tape by the yard,
or pins by the dozen,—even this is hon-
orable. But to breathe the air of new-
ly-turned earth, to feel its touch, to
drive the rustling of growing crops, to
drive loaded wains to market; to ex-
change heavy golden grains for grains of
heavy gold, to live amid scenes of natu-
ral beauty, amid conditions of physical
health, God's truest, noblest freedom,—
this is dishonor. Let us see.

Of lawyers, few rise to eminence, or
even liberal success. Physicians succeed
a little better; while mercantile pur-
suits are well nigh a lottery. The best
symbol of successful merchants is found
in the adage of angel's visits. How dif-
ferent from the precarious prospects of
these are the prospects of an intelligent,
skillful, industrious, and virtuous Ameri-
can farmer. Such a man, cultivating
his own soil, and engaging in no outside
speculation, never fails. He never fears
that poverty will come upon him so long
as God fructifies the earth with the dew,
the rain, and the sunshine. To him,
success is as universal and as certain as
the fulfillment of the divine promise
which assures the seed time and the har-
vest. The pursuits of such a man lie in
conscious proximity to Providence; and
he stands, because he leans directly upon
God. Compare then his free and health-
ful life with the constrained and unnat-
ural conditions under which professional
men and merchants live. These you
find, it may be, shut up by day in great
piles of brick, or threading their way
through narrow streets, where the sun
pours down his rays unmitigated by a
single refreshing breeze; and by night
shut up again in similar walls, changing
the place but keeping the pain, waked in
the morning to the eternal discord of
rattling carts, of milkmen's bells, of
cries of chimney sweeps, and barking of
unaccounted dogs. Is this life? Do men
live amid such scenes, or do they only
abide, constrained by some necessity of
fate, or punished for their sins? Even
the birds shun the city as they would a
prison. All the powers of man are en-
ervated and hurried to decay. With
such a scene, contrast the quiet of wood-
lands, pastures, and meadows, delight-
ing the eye with their beauty,—the
blue sky which send vigor through ev-
ery fibre of man's structure, and make
him strong to serve God and his fellow
men. With toils and anxieties forgot-
ten, with windows broad open, making
his chamber as wide as the universe, the
farmer sleeps soundly and sweetly as an
infant, waking in the morning to the
music of birds and bounding to his task
with a physical regeneration. This is
life! How true it is that "God made
the country, man made the town."

